

Good Jokes

SIDE LIGHTS ON HIS CAREER.

A deputation from the Literary guild had waited on Dr. Samuel Johnson and asked him to make a speech before that body on a certain date.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I shall have to refer you to my press agent, Mr. Boswell. Jim, have I got to make a spiel anywhere next Tuesday night?"

"Why, no, doctor," answered Boswell, in an undertone, "but you'll have to pass it up. You know it will be two weeks yet before you get your glad rags out of hock. Gentlemen," he added, turning to the callers, "I regret to say that Dr. Johnson's time will be fully occupied for the next fortnight."

This incident, on mature reflection, was suppressed by Mr. Boswell when he came to write that immortal biography.

Diverse Tactics.

Both boys had been rude to their mother. She put them to bed earlier than usual, and then complained to their father about them. So he started up the stairway, and they heard him coming.

"Here comes papa," said Maurice. "I'm going to make believe I'm asleep."

"I'm not," said Harry. "I'm going to get up and put something on."—Harper's Monthly.

THESE COPPER MINES.



The Artist—I should like to paint your portrait. Were you ever done in oil?

The Countryman—No, but I was done in copper once.

Matrimony.

"Man wants but little here below," You've heard it said; That's what he gets, the records show, When once he's wed.

A Life Subscription.

He sits on the sofa, from time to time opening his lips as though about to say something important, but each time hesitating. At last the fair young thing looks up at him with a radiant smile, her red lips parting deliciously over her ivory teeth and her glowing eyes thrilling him to the soul. "Obey that impulse!" she murmurs. He did, and in June she took him for life.—Life.

The Part She Won't Like.

"She thinks that man with the medal is a hero because he doesn't pose." "She'll think him something else soon." "Why?" "He doesn't pro-pose, either."

TROUBLE.

All kinds of trouble! You can pick and choose. If you want a cause to kick. There's more than you can use. You can hear the war cry Any time you please. Sometimes it's in Spanish, And sometimes in Japanese.

All kinds of trouble! Anything you like! The trusts are out for plunder. There are rumors of a strike. And yet we're takin' notice. Without meanin' for to boast. The things that never happen Are the things that fret us most.

THE RETORT UNPLEASANT.



Mrs. Hoyle—They teach children very differently from the way they did when I was a girl.

Mrs. Doyle—I didn't suppose there were any schools at all when you were a girl.

A Rash Promise.

When'er it comes my time to die And join the ghostly pack, You won't hear me exclaiming: "I Will send a message back."

Story Got the Near-Sighted Man.

"While I think I am rather inclined to give, yet I try to be discriminating, not to give to every beggar with an idle and obviously untrue tale, but," said the near-sighted man, "I fell impulsively for a story new to me this morning."

"Boss," said the man as he looked at me, "I've lost my spectacles and I'm trying to get together enough money to buy another pair."

"You know if I should lose my spectacles I should be lost myself and on that story I gave up without another thought."

HARD TO GET THERE.



The Preacher—There is always room at the top.

The Deacon—Yes—but the elevator is not always running.

Hardly.

This Russian dancer, so far as we are concerned will get the hook: No man on earth can dance a way That we'd think worth three plunks a look.

In the Morning.

"When I awake in the morning, the first thing I do is to congratulate myself upon the fact that I have lived to see another day."

"I don't. The first thing I do when I awake in the morning is yawn and wish I didn't have to get up for another hour."

Absurd.

Among the recent visitors to a metropolitan museum was a woman from a rural district, who was much interested in the ancient pottery exhibits.

The attendant pointed out one collection of beautiful old vases, saying:

"These were dug up at Herculaneum."

"What!" exclaimed the woman from the country. "Dug up?"

"Yes, madam."

"Out of the ground?"

"Just as they are now. They were cleaned up a bit, but they were found about as you see them."

With an expressive toss of the head, the lady from the country turned to her companion and said:

"He's a nice-looking young feller, but I don't believe what he says. They never dug up no ready-made pot out of the ground."—Lippincott's Magazine.

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No Wonder.

"What's your husband so angry about?"

"He's been out of work six weeks."

"I should think that would suit him first rate."

"That's it! He's just got a job."

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Is not making others happy the best happiness? There is joy in helping to renew the strength and courage of noble minds.—Amiel.

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk a tinkling symbol, where there is no love.—Bacon.

INFLAMMATION AND PAIN

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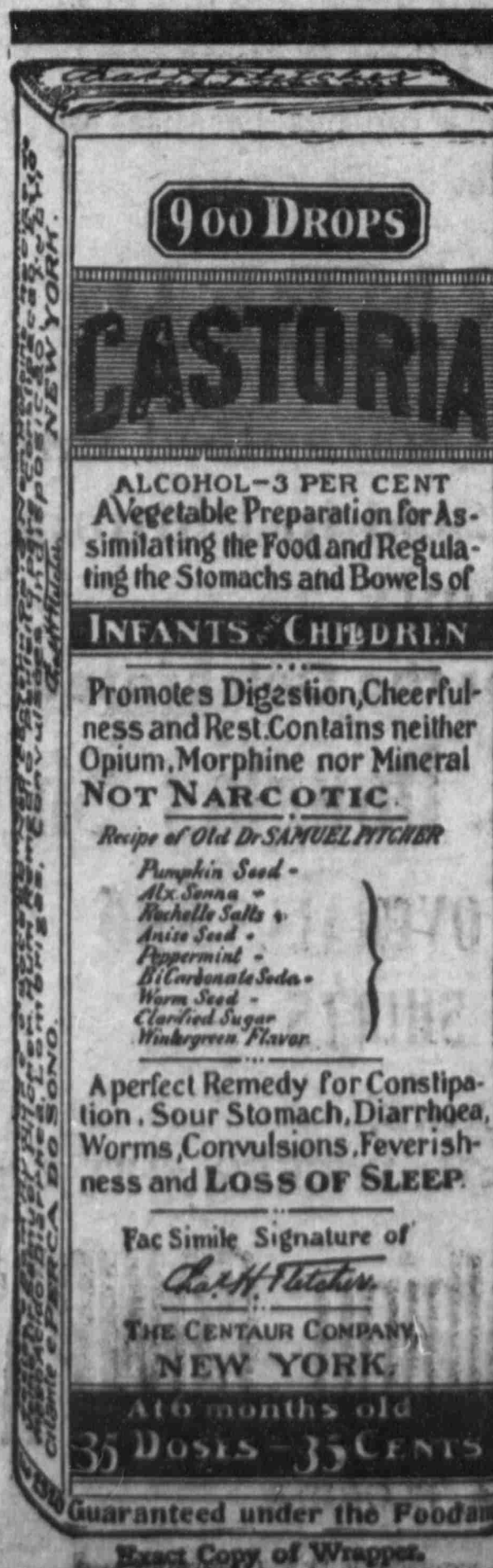


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